UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

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THE WISE SCHOLAR

I hold that scholar truly wise
Who schools his heart and lips and eyes,
Who can as worthless clay behold
The treasures of another's gold;
Who looks upon his neighbor's wife
As upon her who gave him life;
Who feels as for himself for all
That live on earth, both great and small.

—*From the Ramayan, by Ralph T. H. Griffith.*

The Christian Register ventures the opinion that "at least six kinds of brushes are necessary to the outfit of a gentleman," but it neglects to state the kinds. We presume it means a tooth-brush, clothes-brush, hat-brush, nail-brush, shoe-brush and hair-brush. If two of these brushes were omitted would the man cease to be a gentleman?

It was painful to read in the *Survey* of January 20, Isabel C. Barrows' description of the grim penitentiary of North Dakota. What is the vantage ground of youth, the inspiration of a new state if not in the fact that the new state can begin where the others leave off, profit by the mistakes of the past and start right? The older states have inherited a mass of traditions and practices, coming from a time when they "knew no better," but the *new* states of the West have no such excuse. Better prisons, better schools, better churches should be found among the younger sisters in the family of states. Let North Dakota and her neighbors lead the way.

Some of our Unitarian friends are distressed over the fact that the "Men and Religion Movement" does not seem disposed to include the non-evangelicals in its program. Then all the more reason why the omitted parties should catch the spirit and do for their churches, their day and generation, and for themselves in their own way, what the orthodox people are trying to do in their way. If the movement to consecrate manhood and to introduce a more active masculine element in the co-operations of religion were thus to touch all the forces of current life, all the more surely would orthodox and heterodox, Presbyterian and Unitarian, find themselves standing shoulder to shoulder on the uplands of the spirit, where doctrine fades into aspirations and dogma gives way to deeds and speculation to experience. Let the liberal men in religion also move forward and move together.

Much is being said and felt concerning the atrocities of child labor,—none too much,—but there is too little said and thought in certain quarters of child indolence. Gruesome as is the situation of the over-worked, it is not so sad as the condition of the idle children, the boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen, who out of school and out of employment haunt the playgrounds, disturb the activities of Settlements and Centers, and perplex and appall Juvenile Courts and their staff of probation officers. Not how can we amuse, entertain, or organize in squads these vagrants of the avenues and alleys, but how can we train their hands, industrialize their habits, give them something to do and lay the foundations of self-reliant and self-directing men and women, is the great unanswered perplexity of those who would help the children and redeem the oncoming generation.

February 7 marks the centennial of Charles Dickens' birth. Slowly but surely will the American people wake up to the beauty, pathos and power of the work of that great magician of the pen. Such an event cannot be disposed of by the celebrations of a day. Let there not be a birthday but a birth month, or, better still, a birth year. Let the children be started again on the Dickens stories, and if young men and women of today are beyond the charm of his pages, if they cannot wander sympathetically with little Nell and enter into the heart aches of poor old Peggotty as he goes up and down the world seeking for the lost little Em'ly, if their hearts are hardened to the cry of Oliver Twist or have no time to tarry with the little Doll Dressmaker, there is something the matter with them, their parents and teachers, or something still more radically wrong with the times. The wise may well test their times, their schools, their churches and their homes by the Dickens test on this Centennial Year. We print in our news column this week the program of the "Dickens Month" at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in Chicago, hoping that it may enkindle at other Centers and in other places a purpose to go and do, not like-wise, but better-wise. UNITY will be glad to know what is being done during 1912 to worthily

celebrate the Centennial Year of the great Social Prophet, the Father of many so-called "social movements" and "betterments," most of which give him scant credit for the mighty things he helped inaugurate.

Dear, brave Kate Shelley has breathed her last in the forty-sixth year of her life, in the humble village near the old homestead which thirty-one years ago she immortalized by a deed of heroism that thrilled the world. A fifteen-year-old slip of a girl lit her lantern on a tempestuous night to find the source of the crash that rose above the storm when a freight train broke through the bridge. The wind put out the lantern but the little girl knew of the on-coming passenger train. The telegraph station was three miles away, there was four hundred feet of trestle-bridge unplanked, but undaunted, without light and without escort, she crawled on hands and knees across the giddy trestles, under which, fifty feet below, rolled the mighty torrent. She won the station-house, gave the signal that saved two hundred lives, and then fainted. The next day she was famous. The railroad company, neighbors, schoolmates and the state have vied in doing her honor. Gold medals, a college course, a life of enlarged service, followed the heroic deed. Poets and orators have told her story, and now, at the end of forty-five years, unspoiled and undisturbed, the little slip of an Irish girl finds rest, and the parish priest of the village chanted for her the ritual of the Catholic Church. But his devotions carry far and his sentences are caught up by the priests of that larger Catholic Church, the Church Universal. Let her story be told that it may witness what manner of stuff plain, common, rustic and rural humanity is made of. There is but one Kate Shelley, and happily the need of such heroism is rare, but the possibility of it is everywhere.

The lovers of art and believers in the popular power of high poetry will read with great interest the article in the *Literary Digest* for January 20, entitled, "Does Shakespeare spell ruin?" Here is what seems to be incontestible evidence to show that "Shakespeare does not spell ruin" to the theaters that give him a show, but, quite to the contrary, that, whenever Shakespeare is given a chance, the people respond in paying numbers. And it is safe to say whenever a crowd of people is gathered, that there are the *common* people, made such by their numbers. It is not so much the low taste of the common people as the debauched standards of playwrights and actors and, above all, the commercialized greed of managers, that accounts for the vulgarized stage. Ferrero, in his "Greatness and Decline of Rome," shows how the degenerate Greek towns in Asia Minor, in the era just preceding and following the birth of Jesus, weakened by luxury and debauched by an indulgent aristocracy and plutocracy, supplanted by the pantomime the classic stage, which presented the works of the great Greek poets and which once delighted the common Greek people. Perhaps history is repeating itself. Chicago is now enjoying a season of the opera and a "New Theater movement" is soon to be inaugurated in the interests of high art, but both opera and theater are far removed from the popular heart of Chicago, not because the common people are deficient in taste, but because the *un*common people, the holders of the money-bags, have made the admission price prohibitive. With this complaint of the lack of patronage for the higher drama should be mentioned the scandal of the ticket-scalpers and the speculators. The great artists both in drama and opera know that inspiration comes from the galleries, from the people in plain clothes, rather than from the occupants of the boxes in their scandalous undress. The people, the common people, thirst for an art that is held beyond their reach by the commercialism and the greed and style that spring therefrom in our day. Let the lesson so clearly enforced by Ferrero from the pages of history be heeded by the boasted civilization of today.

Apropos to our editorial of last week concerning capital punishment, we give our editorial space this week to the words of our neighbor and colleague, Dr. Hirsch, clipping the same from the editorial columns of last week's *Reform Advocate*. We also print in our correspondence column communications from our esteemed neighbor, Rev. W. E. Barton, Pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oak Park. The case of the unfortunate Polish boys is still in suspense. Their lives are in the hands of the Governor and, for the time being, certain religious indignations seem to be transferred from the perpetrators of the outrageous murder to Miss Jane Addams, Professor Henderson, Dr. Hirsch, the Editor of UNITY, and the score of others who asked the Governor to suspend the execution that the case might be more carefully examined. The right of petition seemed to be overlooked by these rigid defenders of the gallows. Behind the discussions and beyond the argument on either side lie these clear contentions of the petitioners:

1. That capital punishment has not been a deterrent of crime, but quite the contrary; with the reduction of hangings has come an increased respect for law and life.

2. That the Golden Rule of Love is more adequate to the needs of civilization than the iron rule, miscalled justice, which demands a life for a life.

3. That justice untempered with mercy is injustice, because society shares in such crimes as these ignorant,

uneducated, neglected, and on that account depraved men perpetrated.

4. That the increase of murder cases in Chicago is not adequately explained by a decrease in hanging, and that there is abundant evidence to prove that the decline or utter abandonment of capital punishment has not resulted in the increase of capital crimes. This assertion is proved by the statistics of those countries and states in Europe and America where capital punishment has been abolished.

5. That not those who, taking counsel of science, the deliberations of investigators, the science of criminology, and guided by the light of history, come to the conclusion that not severity but certainty of punishment deters, are the "sentimentalists" in this discussion, but those who, in defiance of science and the Christianity they profess, clamor for blood, or misinterpret the petitioners as those who would "nullify law" and "proclaim that murder is safe," etc., etc.

6. That the function of human governments and man-made statutes begins and ends with the protection of society, and the elevation and, if possible, the reformation of the criminal.

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Capital Punishment and Rabbinical Law

That Judaism worships the God of wrath and therefore in its legal enactments is acutated by motives of revenge and exacts an eye for an eye and a life for a life is one of those ready-made dogmatic assumptions which, though often exposed as fundamentally erroneous, constitute the small change of the Christian preacher. Passed from hand to hand in the market of the prejudices, not the least inquiry is made into its intrinsic value. For all its age and the popularity it enjoys in the theological books devoted to the exposition of the inferiority of Judaism over against the religion of the gospels, it is without support in fact. Time and again the unprejudiced observer finds in current events ample provocation for the conclusion that none has been so insufficiently emancipated from the rigid literalism of the Law which is imputed to Judaism as the very spokesmen for the religion of "love that pardons and saves."

Because a few men and women, and among them the judge before whom they had their trial, ventured to petition the Governor of this State to grant a reprieve to four wretches sentenced to the gallows, Christian ministers from their pulpits and in council assembled have indulged in fiery rhetoric and scathing denunciations, characterizing the petitioners as enemies of organized society, as sentimentalists, whose maudlin sympathies always went out to the brutal culprits but never had a thought of the victim or his widow and orphaned children. In the name of justice the governor was urged to do his duty, which was to see to it that the finding of the jury was carried out without further delay. Many of the infuriated preachers of righteousness even neglected to consult their dictionaries, where they might have learned that reprieve is only by the ignorant supposed to mean remission of sentence.

That the murder was one of the most atrocious, the petitioners so fiercely berated in sermons and resolutions, as well as in editorials, did not disguise. They were moved to ask for a reprieve by considerations which, apparently, the teachers of the religion of love are unable to understand. One of the wretches sentenced to the gallows is a minor. Some of the governor's petitioners remembered that in almost all the states of Europe, as in some states of the Union, the law provides that capital punishment shall not be visited on one not yet of legal age. His fellows in this dastardly crime were not much older than he. They belong to a class which the trained penologist would have no difficulty in recognizing as of the lowest possible moral responsiveness. With scarce any schooling and no home training, they rank but little above the beasts of prey. That society, which had permitted their growing up under conditions making for such stupendous immorality, had a share in their guilt was the obvious conviction which influenced the signers to the violently denounced petition. Furthermore, poor as they were and of low intelligence, their defence before the court was of the weakest. While murder was established without the least shadow of doubt, the lawyers appointed by the court failed to present to the jury the social facts which might have influenced their decision with reference to the penalty. As clear as was the atrocity of the crime, equally clear was the circumstance that some of the younger participants were under the influence of their older companions. Whether it be right or wrong, capital cases have almost without exception been taken to the Supreme court for review. Lack of funds prevented the carrying of the case to the higher tribunal. Let them that will forget it, the fact stands that strongly the impression prevails among the less fortunately situated, that the law is not administered with an even hand. The very class which the defenders of capital punishment claim must be kept in check by deterrents, feel that they are at a disadvantage in the courts of justice. The Polish communities from which the wretches came were to a large extent under the impression that, because the case could not be carried up to the higher court, injustice was about to be done to them and theirs. It was certainly worth while to counteract this impression by invoking the very machinery of justice under the law of the state with a view of setting at rest the suspicion of the class most personally concerned in the case under consideration.

But, like the judge who tried the case, many of the petitioners are of the opinion that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism, a relic which, far from acting as a deterrent, has the tendency to brutalize many more.

Certain it is that the communities which have abolished capital punishment show no greater frequency of capital crimes than do those in which it is still enforced. Social factors affect the equation of crime much more potently than do the penalties provided by the law. Under the theory that capital punishment acts as a deterrent, the more cruel its form and the more public its execution, the more effective it must be held to be. Cruelty finds, however, no advocates even among the most ardent defenders of capital punishment, and all possible precaution is taken to rob executions of publicity. When the supreme penalty was visited on all sorts of violations of the law, crime flourished most extensively; the very crimes which were punished by death being especially numerous. The history of penal legislation demonstrates the futility of even the most cruel methods of taking the criminal's life in vindication of the Law's outraged majesty for its preventive purposes. If protection of society is the ultimate justification, it would seem that incarceration for life behind prison walls will attain the end sought as effectively, and that without the attending brutalization of society itself. Italy has had no cause to regret that, under the influence of its men of science, leaders in the field of criminal anthropology, capital punishment was abolished. Society in Italy is as well protected as in own Illinois.

Capital punishment may be justified on one theory alone, and that is revenge. This insistence upon revenge, blow for blow and eye for eye and life for life, is a legacy from early religious conceits. Students of the religious notions of the race have abundant material to prove the contention. The deity was believed to be offended in the taking of life. Hence the deity had to be requited. The soil that had drunk innocent blood had been defiled. The stain could not be washed away except through the magic of other blood shed in revengeful compensation. The murdered found no rest in the grave, his ghost walked about without peace (Hamlet) unless through the next of kin the foul murder was avenged. The Old Testament is a depository of much material illustrative of this peculiar conceit's dominancy. But it is also significant in attempts to counteract and neutralize the reign of these primitive conceptions. Even Cain is pictured as exempt from the operations of the Law of blood-avenging basic to all primitive religions and society. Unless one be satisfied to regard a criminal as one does a mad dog, there is no reasonable defense of capital punishment except this ancient theory of blood-avenging. „

Our Christian civilization seems not to have advanced very far beyond the religious prejudice of the earliest religionists of hoary antiquity. In pulpits, forsooth, he often is cited who advised non-resistance to evil in the new order of things diametrically contrary to that demanding an eye for an eye. Yet, as judged by the outburst of indignation at the sentimentalists and "gabite"—whatever that may mean, reformers who were prompted to ask the governor to delay the execution of four wretches on the eve of Christmas, the very men who preach on the New Testament text and twist it into a proof of the inferiority of the ethics and consecration of Judaism are as rabid in their demands for blood avenging blood as ever were the primitive devotees of ancestral cult. Rabbinic Judaism certainly puts to shame their insistence upon legally shedding blood in requitement for blood shed criminally.

The precautions thrown around the conduct of a trial in which life and death trembled in the scales were of an extent and insistence that made the death sentence almost an impossibility. Every advantage was extended the accused. The prosecution had to show malice on his part by proving that he had been warned before the committing of the act of the consequences to himself if he persisted in his intention. The witnesses were submitted to a most rigid searching, and all was done to discourage them from giving testimony. By a system of exclusion based on relationship and acquaintance, witnesses were barred from appearing, though their testimony might have been vital to the prosecution. Circumstantial evidence, however strong, could never lead to the passing of the capital sentence. The court was polled in a way to assure all possible degree of fairness and advantage to the accused. These tendencies to leniency are easily verified by never so cursory a perusal of the chapters on penal procedure and law in the codes, or the sources, in the Mishnah. The spirit of this legalistic Judaism, so often and ignorantly contrasted to the humanity of the religion of love, may appear from the declaration (Makkoth 7a) that a Sanhedrin which pronounces one sentence of death in seven years must be considered as one moved by destructive tendencies. Nay, this is predicated of a court that passed one capital sentence in seventy years. Rabbi Tarphon and Rabbi Akiba are reported to have declared that, had they been members of the court, not one man should ever have been put to death. It is true Rabbi Shimeon, the son of Gamaliel, dissents from them and judges them to have potentially been among those that encouraged the shedding of blood in Israel. Still, under the provisions of the Jewish criminal law, even their critic could not have been in the position frequently to pronounce the supreme sentence. Rabbinical law is

clearly intent upon reserving the extreme penalty for the most extreme cases.

EMIL G. HIRSCH.

From the Reform Advocate of January 20, 1912.

A Minister's Word

READ BEFORE THE ANNUAL MEETING OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, JANUARY 11, 1912

My first pleasure as well as my first duty is to confess in this presence my great obligations to the church and parish for the many kindnesses which you have shown to me and mine during the year fraught with strain and sadness. This has been shown, not only in a tide of sympathy expressed in many ways, so genuine, so helpful, so tender, but in a still finer and higher fashion in the fidelity with which you have sustained the activities and maintained the efficiencies of Church and Centre in spite of my broken ministry and interrupted support.

My next pleasure as well as duty is to express my pride and gratitude, your joy and your obligation as well as mine, over the efficiency and fidelity, the willingness and the adequacy of those into whose hands you have placed this great trust, this high opportunity. The "Help"—a most significant term—of whom there are now about twenty-five that have given their whole time and the entire energies of heart as well as of hand and head, could not have been more willing this year than in previous years, but each year adds to their efficiency and their adequacy. All the way from the one whose weapon is the scrub brush to the superintendent, who watches and directs and keeps the wheels going, there has been frictionless, vigilant, cheerful, ungrudging and efficient service.

Of my own work there is little to say. It is the same old story—the routine of well-nigh thirty years offers but little room for variation. The figures compiled for me by my watchful assistant report twenty-three new sermons and addresses, six christenings, ten marriages, thirteen funerals, ninety-one study classes and committee and consultation meetings at the Centre, forty-four similar meetings at Tower Hill, twenty lectures and addresses in twenty different places in the city outside the Centre and sixty lectures and addresses delivered in thirty-seven different places outside the city of Chicago and scattered through ten states of the Union. I have delivered ten commencement addresses, fourteen university and college addresses and four Young Men's Christian Association lectures. I have spoken to clubs, churches, Bible schools, a Historical Society, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and school teachers. I have addressed the State Legislature of Wisconsin, the State Agricultural Fair, and the State Dairy Association of Wisconsin. I have delivered twelve addresses in Jewish temples, two in the open air, two before Old Soldiers, and have made several after-dinner speeches. In these addresses I have pleaded for the cause of peace, the rights of women to the ballot, temperance, education, good government, good roads, the open mind in religion, and inter-denominational, inter-racial and international co-operation in the interest of the things held in common.

But there is little inspiration in these dead figures. The accomplishments of 1911, be the work well or poorly done, count for but little today; they are fraught with dangers and menaces to the life of 1912 if they breed pride or complacency. In the wee sma' wakeful hours of this morning I read in Arthur Benson's sketch of Frederick Meyer that, at the end of his life, this sensitive, seeking soul testified that "he could see in retrospect that the mistake of his youth was to fling himself insatiably into the joys of the past—an unnatural passion. Men must set their hearts on what lies before." Unless these reports help us to "set our hearts on what lies before," they are but opiates, producing lethargy, lowering the vitality of individuals, Church and Centre. All Souls Church at the present time is being severely tested. The Lincoln Centre is in a critical situation if the small achievements and slender sacrifices of the past, which have brought about such magnificent opportunities, do not stir us with a determination to work greater results and to exercise greater sacrifice. We have only made a beginning. In the business world such a success as we have already obtained would be sufficient warrant to launch forth more courageously on new lines and further adventure, safeguarded by the experiences of the past and profiting by its mistakes. This mighty city is forging forward at a prodigious rate; its two million and a half will be doubled, perhaps within the lifetime of those now living; its population has been more than doubled during my ministry of nearly thirty years. The territory of which we are the center is becoming more congested year by year, the life here more burdened with poverty and luxury, with the debauchery of the saloon, the gambling house and the brothel on the one hand, and the indolence, selfishness and complacency of the wealthy and the over-prospered on the other. There is work, big work, splendid work awaiting us. The Lincoln Centre, this physical plant, is already crowded, its activities are congested. We have inadequate residence room, and the gymnasium is already an irritation and a menace to other activities, so inadequate is its present location. The elevator moves at too sluggish a pace to accommodate the classes that crowd the upper floors day and evening. The "boy and girl problem" has reached a stage of acute unsatisfactoriness for want of more expert attendants. We cannot even hold the ground we have gained and conserve the good done in this direction without at least one more man on the job, and that right away.

If you have listened with open ears to these reports, you have already detected between the lines the many more things that might be done, the more things that must be done unless we would prove derelict to our opportunities.

And there is plenty of money and plenty of life, strong, youthful, healthy, efficient living men and women to meet this demand, and to do it even better in the future than in the past. It is now eighteen years or more since first we sallied forth in quest of the $100,000 to erect this building. The $100,000 became $200,000, and the building was realized out of debt. It is little over five years ago since we

started out, led by the heroic women who raised the first $10,000 of the $100,000 endowment to keep the building warm and lighted, and we have got the $100,000. And I have yet to learn of the man or woman who begrudges a dollar contributed to either of these funds. I know of no one whose food or raiment has been made more meager on account of the money thus given.

Stand up! you who are impoverished by the persistent demands of Abraham Lincoln Centre, you whose purses have been picked, whose pleasures have been menaced, whose luxuries have been reduced—you poor be-beggared victims to this cause!

I see none rise! There are none. Generally speaking, I think it safe to say that your revenues have grown faster than your contributions, and your own home lives have been expanded physically, morally and spiritually by your giving here. Twenty-five years ago All Souls Church rejoiced in one coupé. Perhaps there were two or three families who could ride to church in their own rigs if they chose, but mostly they came afoot, or used the street cars. Now there are three dozen or more *automobilliares* who come to this church more or less. In all of this I rejoice. It means that the possibilities of life have been extended, the resources of life have been multiplied, and the power for doing good greatly enhanced.

That we have lived within our means this last year is no evidence that we have discharged our full duty. In this connection I feel bound to remind you that those who serve you so well here have been subject, like the rest of the community, to the increased cost of living. It is neither wise nor fair to expect that those who work with you and for you on these high lines should be called upon to render more than their share of sacrifice that the work may go on. I speak not for myself, for throughout my lengthening life I have learned to live happily within a block of the Poorhouse and with the hospitable doors of an Old Soldiers' Home just across the way. I am not worried for myself, but I have been with you so long that I dare remind you of your duties to those who do the work that ought to be done, if not by you, then through you.

But I read out of that same Benson book this morning that "The only unhappy periods in the life of Frederick Meyer were those when he rested too securely on material and physical things." This is no eleemosynary institution, no place devoted to the giving of charity. Let us regard with suspicion any suggestion of a cleavage between what has come to be called "settlement" work and the work and duties of this church. This is not a "settlement," where the favored serve the less favored. It is a Centre of life seeking to radiate life and health to all the community of which it is a center. Here we are, committed to "the bearing of one another's burdens," but the fundamental condition of such service is the promotion of "truth, righteousness and love in the world." This is the banner that has led us on thus far, and, God helping us, this is the banner that will lure us up the steep but glorious heights of more self-sacrifice, more devotion, more service.

Here we never sing the old hymn:

"Nothing either great or small
Remains for me to do,
Jesus died and paid it all—

neither do we sing that other song of Zion, "Salvation is free."

The people who have stood by and with me these thirty years so valiantly can well say with the Roman captain, "With a great sum obtained I this citizenship." And with Paul himself they are ready to say to-night: "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before!" All Souls Church is nothing if it is not missionary. It was founded by a missionary. The old building was paid for by missionary money, raised from Maine to California. This church has risen into whatever power and usefulness it has achieved on the inspirations of the poets, the wisdom of the philosophers, the revealment of the scientists and the messages of the prophets of all ages. Emerson and Browning, Dickens and Victor Hugo, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, John Fiske, as well as Isaiah, Paul, Moses and Jesus have in the past led the way for us into usefulness. They have beckoned to us the constituency that has staid by. And these great Scholars, Thinkers, Sages and Prophets, and their successors, are still our stock-in-trade, the most valuable assets in the work we have to do. All Souls Church has kept open house to the confessors of religions of all climes. It has been a clearing house for the races, a council-chamber for the great Parliament of Religions and its successors. Its most vital and its noblest instrument is UNITY, which has carried its pulpit word beyond the seas and extended its fellowship to farm firesides from the Gulf to the Lakes and beyond. This missionary call is all the more imperative and inspiring because it is not rimmed by denominational lines, or fettered by sectarian limitations. We are engaged in a great battle against dogmatism in religion, against sectarian narrowness, against racial prejudices, and we are trying to stand for the Religion of the Spirit, the Brotherhood of Man and the Fatherhood of God, as the fundamentals of religion —the unifying forces that are to make effective the faiths, the yearnings and the hopes of men.

The most prophetic movement of this year, the "Men and Religion Movement," has not perceptibly touched us here yet, but it is going to. The men of this constituency have not been in the past, and they will not be in the future, shamed by the women, though perhaps in the future as in the past they must needs be led and encouraged by their sisters, wives and mothers.

Let us forget the money we *have* given, forget the time we *have* spent, and remember only the good accomplished thereby. Let us go forward and, as needs may, let us go down into our pockets and get the necessary money to pay the traveling expenses of our journey Heavenward, our journey to the Kingdom of Justice and Love.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Minister of All Souls Church, and Head Resident of Abraham Lincoln Centre.

CORRESPONDENCE

The More Cruel Punishments

Editor of UNITY:

The justification of the slaughter of animals for food lies largely in the fact that they can not know, anticipate or dread, the destruction of their lives. A villain who should keep his victim in solitary confinement, with the fact and the day and hour of his slaying definitely fixed and known to him, would be far more villainous than he who could never destroy a life after mature deliberation. It is villainous enough where the victim never has a suspicion or a moment's dread of the impending crime, but far more where he must have both. In capital punishment, therefore, it is, in many cases, not merely a life for a life, but it is far more than that, with the attendant suggestiveness of the whole to other disordered, or ill-ordered, minds made acquainted with the pending realities of the case. And hence humane people are tormented by the approach of the penalty's hour, while the wicked take delight. And instances are related of murders committed by persons who on the same day have witnessed an execution. The deterrent effect of swift executions by the Vigilance Committee formerly, in California, for example, may be admitted, but then it was a question between capital and no punishment, and it was applied to theft and other offenses, as well as slaying, an application years since abandoned.

Not very long ago in England, more than a hundred different crimes were punishable by death. A woman with a babe in her arms was hanged for stealing a value of less than twelve dollars. And it was argued that if poverty would steal, even with the death penalty pending, it would never do to abolish it. But it is found that inuring the public to such penalties often suggests and hardens rather than reforms.

Protection and reform, not vengeance, is the purpose of punishment. Of course, a given punishment is not the same to all persons. It is not the same to the man who commits a misdemeanor to get into jail and get board for the winter, as it is for some entirely different man who has violated some banking law.

The unnamably cruel punishments inflicted in China may deter in some cases, but probably suggest and harden to crime in more. The even more horrid penalties—rather crimes—instigated by the church against heresy in days happily gone by, failed of their purpose, and the tendency of decent times and countries is toward the views of the great Master, who said that no one under any government is good enough to cast the first stone of capital punishment.

Salem, Mass. PERRY MARSHALL.

"Sentimentalism vs. Justice"

To the Editor of UNITY:

I have read with interest the editorial in which my friend, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, quotes letters to himself concerning the reprieve of the young murderers, and his answer. I do not find the answer convincing. I, too, shrink from the thought of capital punishment, and also from that of life-imprisonment. When I think of Jesse Pomeroy growing up from his degenerate boyhood and living the hopeless ages that have passed since he was sentenced for life, I wish Massachusetts had hung him and thus been kind.

But I do not think the present case is one in which we ought to discuss the comparative horrors of one or the other kind of punishment. Whether we shall ever find a better way than hanging for the punishment of murderers I do not know; we do not appear to have found it yet, and we ought not to repeal the law by resort to mawkish sympathy for unusually depraved murderers. On such sympathy we can always count, and the more revolting the crime, the more certain the sympathy. If the law is to be repealed, it should be done decently and in order, and with some provision for the protection of society.

Now in this particular case, the wrong which the Editor of UNITY and other good people seem to me to have done the community, consists in the fact that in this one case justice had been reasonably swift and perfectly sure. For once in a generation the law was about to be enforced while people still remembered the crime. In no recent year has there been an execution in which it was not necessary for the newspapers to tell anew the story of the crime, because crimes are so many and the laws so uniformly delayed that no one can be expected to keep in mind the relation of the punishment to its particular offense. In this case people still remembered. There had been a fair trial, and the law was about to be enforced. The Editor of UNITY and certain other good people have given to all murderers the assurance that when every other impediment to the enforcement of law fails, they will be able to find good people who will undertake to nullify it for them. It is one more proclamation that murder is safe; one more assurance that no murder can be so revolting but that it will be made reasonably free from serious danger of the gallows. And the men who have given the community this exhibition of the triumph of sentimentalism over the love of justice, are men from whom we had reason to hope for better things.

The Editor of UNITY once quoted, in a case in which the present writer was concerned, from Browning's "Lost Leader." With some measure of self-restraint I refrain from repeating the lines.

Affectionately yours,

WILLIAM E. BARTON,

Pastor First Congregational Church, Oak Park, January 3, 1912.

Later From the Same Source

Editor UNITY:

I have read with interest your editorial, "A Widow's Cry." As a plea for the abolition of capital punishment, it has some strength; but as an explanation of the shock which law-respecting citizens feel over the action of the Editor and other good people in interfering with the execution of the law as it now stands, it seems to me to classify itself

when near the end it says, "But we do not wish to beg the question."

I think I might very easily agree with the Editor of UNITY in my hope that capital punishment will be wholly abolished. But when it is abolished it should be done sanely, by the constituted law-making power, and not in any such manner or in connection with morbid sympathy for such a case as this which has so horrified Chicago by its commission, and so disheartened those who hoped that the law, ugly as it is, was to gain whatever measure of respect it might by a reasonably prompt trial and a dignified and moderately swift execution.

The issue in this case is only confused by oratorical and rather hysterical utterances to the effect that hanging people is not polite.

You have not answered the *Advance*. And it needs no issue-evading question of the absolute accuracy of its statistics.

Cordially yours,

WILLIAM E. BARTON,

First Congregational Church, Oak Park, Jan. 20, 1912.

Come, Let Us Reason Together!

Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.—*Paul.*

Woe unto the world because of offenses! Woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!—*Jesus.*

No government will ever be perfect until every citizen can say: "I am my brother's keeper."—*Roosevelt.*

Who is my mother or my brethren?—*Jesus.*

Very recently I came to the conclusion that it was my duty as a citizen of our country and a brother of all men, to obstain from the use of alcoholic beverages. I have never cared for any of them, and my only indulgence was a sip of wine now and then at the hospitable table of my friend, the Rector, who lives under his palms and stars not far from the ancient Bay of Kealakekua.

It has taken me twenty years to pass from the religious confines of orthodoxy (wherein are still many of my dearest friends), to liberalism; out of a wilderness of doubt and dissatisfaction into a land whose vistas are beyond my ken, but whose skies are bright and whose air is fresh and inspiring.

Slowly, and in the natural development of an individual attitude towards God and my fellow man, convictions have been forced upon me, releasing a Sense of Duty, and, as a finality, demanding a particular course of action.

Sometimes it would have suited my feeling better not to sound the depths—just to go on in the way I had been taught was the right way. But I could not.

On religious, moral, ethical, social, political questions it has been the same—for me there seems to be only one way: it stands always in "the place demanded of conscience."

The sense of kinship with all men of whatever race or station, has grown deeper under the influence of broader religious views, as well as the sense of duty towards man and brother.

I believe that I am my brother's keeper; that, as a member of society, I live not unto myself alone, but for all the rest.

And, in this day of stress, when social problems are so difficult to solve, and there is so much confusion in the minds of individuals regarding their duties and relations towards their fellowmen, I believe in yielding non-essentials, in giving up a possible point of logic, in erring, if need be, on the safe side; in giving a vital and much debated question the benefit of the doubt.

There are two classes of non-abstainers:

1. Those who are addicted to the drinking habit and will not or cannot leave off.

2. Those who drink moderately and who could drop the habit without inconvenience to themselves, but who have what they consider good reasons for not doing so.

There are few belonging to the first class who, if they could, would not give up drinking. These few are men either of inferior intelligence and an undeveloped ethical sense, or the utterly low and degraded who have been so reduced by their intemperance.

Those who struggle to reform, who again and again make an attempt to give up what they readily acknowledge is dragging them down, are men whose taste for liquor has mastered (by enfeebling) the will to resist. Their appetite, either hereditary or acquired, leads at more or less regular intervals to protracted sprees, or, without evident intoxication, they drink constantly large qantities of liquor.

In either case they are finally brought to absolute physical and moral ruin, becoming useless and inadequate members of society, the community's flotsam and jetsam. To this class have belonged and belong men of great ability—of splendid ancestry and natural endowments, often of the finest moral and religious instincts.

I have in mind a man of splendid natural gifts and acquirements, a minister of the Gospel, author of one of the best known hymns we sing—who is a wreck. He cannot leave off drinking. He wallows in the gutter at almost regular periods. And he came to where he is now by steps, a sip of wine now and then at a friend's table. Let us grant the weakness—is it any the less pitiable?

There are those of the second class who, while they have no special liking for intoxicating liquors of any sort, and who seldom use stimulants, yet claim that they will not bind themselves to any agreement or pledge which places restraint upon their actions as free agents. They have not and do not intend to abuse any privilege. They can and do use wine and beer moderately. To give up this use would be no sacrifice at all, and they might not take a drop of liquor for years, but they have too much independence and think too much of personal liberty to make any rash promises regarding a matter which concerns themselves alone. They may not drink, but they do not care to be called total abstainers.

Belonging to this same class are those who take a glass now and then because they enjoy the beverage and believe that it does them no harm. It is one of their rights and privileges, as it is to enjoy food, art, beautiful landscapes and good company.

They say there are good grounds for believing that a little wine is good for the stomach, and personally they are convinced that they derive benefit from their wine or beer or whisky, as the case may be. They have as much right to an occasional toddy as they have to a cup of coffee or tea. They have discovered no reason for depriving themselves of this pleasure. Such persons are conscientious, I am sure; my father was one of them.

A third subdivision of this class take liquor when they feel inclined, although they never drink to excess or "make beasts of themselves." They are free moral agents.

If others will drink to excess, how is it the fault of those who drink in moderation? Others will eat to excess, too, make a bad use of a simple game of cards, and indulge in various legitimate pleasures to a detrimental degree, for which no one is to blame but themselves.

If you are going to stand for all such social sins, they say, you will have to be held responsible for the worst crimes of the lowest orders of society. You will have to leave off eating, marriage, theater going, dancing, even work, which is often overdone and made a physical detriment to the worker.

There are still others who say that while they have no personal objection to total abstinence, they are disgusted with the exaggeration of temperance crusaders who claim that no one can be a Christian and a moderate drinker at the same time; that moderate drinkers do more harm than drunkards, and so on. They have a contempt for the "whole blue-ribbon crowd," and look upon total abstinence organizations as the evidence of misdirected zeal.

It is not today necessary for me to state in particular terms how much drinking and drunkenness are concerned in the production of crime, insanity, poverty, sorrow and suffering throughout the world. The extent of the baneful influence exerted by this strange chemical product upon the lives and actions of men is appalling and hardly can be exaggerated. Statistics cannot convey any sense of the loss of individual manhood and womanhood, of the sorrow and heartrending brought to those related to the incurable drunken; of the direct and indirect injury, not only to races but to the whole civilized world. No matter how much human weakness and perversity have to do with the doleful results, the results must be accepted as due primarily to the fact that intoxicating liquors are manufactured and sold, and that they are so supplied because men demand them for daily use. The profits of the trade are due largely to the respectable moderate users of liquor, not to the poor, degraded drunkards. Without use could come no abuse. And all intelligent men are aware that a large army of drunkards are in the thrall of their habit, bound body and soul to what they recognize is bringing them low; in the clutches of an appetite which they cannot overcome, or at least which they *will* not overcome.

They see their bodies, their intellect, their finer sensibilities, their families, their property—everything going down to ruin as a result of drink, yet they continue to drink.

Is it reasonable to suppose that such conscious drunkards *could* stop drinking if they wanted to stop? It is a pitiable condition indeed, and yet is not drunkenness relative? If half a glass of wine is taken by a respectable moderate drinker who never gets drunk, why should the drinking of this quantity be blameworthy in a man who is so unfortunately and unavoidably constituted that he cannot take it without getting drunk?

If this man is made happy by a glass or two; if he becomes simply silly, and his neighbor is turned into a murderer by drinking the same quantity of the same sort of liquor—whose is the fault? No doubt the will to resist, dependent as it is upon the normal functioning of the body, in the drunkard grows daily weaker and less resistant. If we look over the names of the pre-eminent in many walks of life, and study their lives, we may be surprised to find how large a number were common drunkards, men who were generous, kind, loving, and well-intentioned; men who have given us precepts for our guidance in righteousness.

Perhaps among these sad wrecks were near relations whom the world would have been glad to honor.

Does not some of the responsibility for their helpless estate rest upon us? Is our duty done when we have provided jails, hospitals and asylums for these victims?

Is not moral "free-agency," are not the pride of independence and the satisfaction of being logically right in a premise, small matters for us to keep in our way when brothers are going down to shame and ruin because they are trying to do what we take a pride in saying *we* are man enough to do?

In view of this attitude is it any wonder that our brother keeps on stumbling in his weakness, ashamed to do the one thing that will save him because you say it is unmanly and not compatible with individual liberty and independence? Do you suppose it would be nothing for this man to acknowledge that he is weak and inadequate? Ah, brother, perhaps you do not realize how much your action in this "small" matter influences your neighbor.

I knew a man who at one time could have stopped drinking but would not because he said that his friends drank, and that he was as "strong" as any of them. He gradually became a drunkard, lost every shred of property and respectability, and gave up his life in an attack of delirium tremens.

It is probably true that not one-half of our "incurable" drunkards would have become so had it not been for our social drinking customs. I could name at least ten persons I have known who have gone down to drunkards' graves because their friends offered them a social glass now and then. These "weak" persons who possibly became intoxicated upon a great deal less than it took even to stimulate their friends, time and again resolved to abstain from all use of liquor, but were persuaded to have only a little wine or a glass of beer, just enough to renew their insatiable appetite for drink.

Within the last year a young man of brilliant attainments has gone down into the depths.

He told me, "They will not leave me alone." He assured me that he had the will to reform—he could save himself, but "my friends will not leave me alone. I can't break my friendships and I can't sit with them and not accept the drink they offer me."

Every living man knows of similar cases. They abound in all classes of society, and, daily, men are going to ruin because their friends do not lift their hands to save them; because their friends will not recognize that they are their brother's keepers.

If we have no regard for our fellowman, and believe that each man is or ought to be morally independent of others; if we are indifferent to sorrow and suffering in others; if we do not pity the weak,—there can be no appeal for our consideration, of course.

But in this blessed age of increasing love and pity, I am sure that we all recognize the claims of others upon us; we are glad to acknowledge the Fatherhood of God, and bend to a sympathetic sense of kinship with the weak as well as the strong. We are ready to say, "I am my brother's keeper."

And far from thinking that most moderate drinkers are not Christians, I am glad to believe that they are as anxious to help a brother as any man, but, like Paul, they have not yet had their vision. As soon as they are convinced that their attitude is a stumbling block, none will be more willing than they to give up for another's sake.

In view of the larger aspect of the matter, what paltry and trifling reasons are those which have kept us from setting our friends a good example and doing our part to remove this terrible curse from our midst? For one thing is certain—that total abstinence will banish drinking and drunkenness from the world.

And, granting for the sake of the argument, that intoxicating liquor has legitimate uses as a beverage, would the sacrifice of this use in any way be equal to the gain which would accrue to all mankind with the passing of inebriety?

After all, what are your reasons, my good honest, moderate drinking brother? Let us acknowledge that you have a legal and logical right to drink a glass now and then,—that you are in some ways right in resenting sumptuary laws. Can't you, for the sake of this weak boy, be generous and waive your privileges? I am sure that you give up many of your wants and personal privileges for the sake of persons very dear to you. You do it daily. It is a part of your home duty, which you rejoice in and which you are the better for.

If you doubt the value of such action—will you not give us the benefit of the doubt? We assure you that it is for the larger brotherhood—for God, for country, for home.

Those of you who do not care for wine, who could drop its use tomorrow without inconvenience,—how much more fortunate are you than the poor man who is a slave to his habit? And yet because you pride yourselves upon your strength of will, upon your independence, upon your "personal liberty," you will continue to *use* what your brother will continue to *abuse!* Is it not a form of cruelty—is it Christianity, at any rate?

The appeal is equally strong to those who drink moderately, enjoy their beverage, and believe it does them good.

Is it a thing to be glad over—that we can drink one glass and no more, when our brother cannot? Are we any better than he is, or is it that we are less kindly and more strong?

The qualities which go with firmness and strength of will are not always lovable or Christlike. And have we taken into consideration what may be the cause of our brother's weakness for which we have such a contempt? Do we know that he is not the unfortunate heir of an abnormal appetite?

Still, if the beverage *is* pleasant, would giving it up be too great a sacrifice for the brotherhood of man? Would not the taste of such a sacrifice be sweeter than that of the oldest wine?

As to the benefit to be derived from the use of alcoholic beverages, I think authority leans on the negative side. At any rate, there are many medical men, and their number is increasing, who deny the value of alcohol as a food or as a stimulant. And there are many who claim that even its moderate use is detrimental. And no one, I believe, will say that it is absolutely essential to any man's well being.

No danger would attend us if all forms of intoxicating liquor were banished from the earth; there would be some inconvenience, it is true, but we would soon learn to substitute something else which would be less dangerous to have about.

It is sometimes trying to listen to the arguments of enthusiasts, religious or political. They are generally extremists. They habitually overstate, deal in hyperbole. But we must give them credit for being sincere, and their strenuous lives are given to impulses based upon a real pity, a human love for their kind. They have done a great deal of good in the world. I doubt if the world would have got on without them.

Surely we may excuse them, especially as we ourselves in some things are likely to take sides.

Don't you think that we often make too much of independence and personal privilege? Is it not often a cover for pride or selfishness?

None of us would for a moment refuse to do our duty as we saw it, because another brother had misstated the case. We should go on being helpful to the extent of our ability—a "block of offense" to none.

At the time Paul advised Timothy to take wine as a beverage for his "stomach's sake" there was no great liquor traffic—no dreadful wave of drunkenness sweeping off its thousands of men and women. This social evil is a comparatively modern thing, and from the individual and occasional wine-bibber there has developed what may be called a national habit.

Do you suppose that Paul in this day and age, with the knowledge he would have of the results of drinking, could for one moment sanction the use of liquor as a beverage? Ah, no, for, regarding so harmless a thing as meat, he said: "Wherefore if meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth."

His attitude was that of a brother. He not only served God but his fellow man.

And the dear, loving Jesus, would he not do today, were he with us, as Lincoln did when the delegation wanted him to furnish beer to the voters: "Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man. It is pure Adam's ale from the spring."

Truly each man is his brother's keeper, not only in one matter but in all. If he is weak where we are strong, our responsibility is all the greater. I wish that we were all as keenly conscious of this as Paul and Jesus and Lincoln were. We must not let fancied privileges blind us to the real duty which lies before us.

And if we have deluded ourselves with the idea that we are under no obligation to forego any pleasure—even an innocent pleasure—for the sake of the betterment of men whose habits of life we cannot possibly share, let us do so no more, but reason out the matter and see if we are doing all that we ought to do for God and Home and the Brotherhood of man. For—

"The fruits of the spirit are Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Kindness, Goodness, Faithfulness, Meekness, Self-control."

E. S. GOODHUE, M. D.

We may be happy or not, just as we choose. Happiness is not a circumstance, nor a set of circumstances; it's only a light and we may keep it burning if we will. So many of us are like children, crying for the moon, instead of playing contentedy with the few toys we have. We're always hoping for something, and when it doesn't come we fret and worry. When it does, why, there's always something else we'd rather have.

—*Myrtle Reed.*

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5. Medical Dangers to the Youth of Chicago, February 15, 1912. By G. Frank Lydston, M. D., professor of genito-urinary surgery, College of Physicians and Surgeons.

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